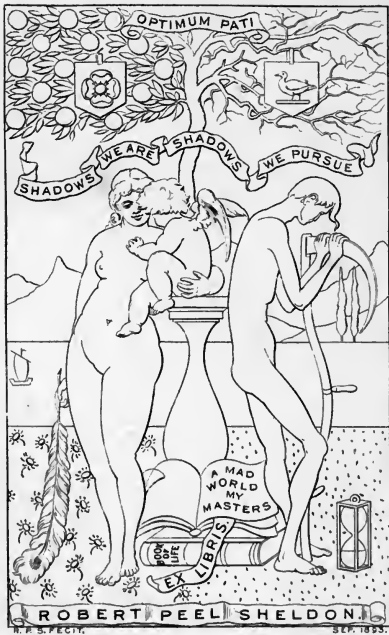


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P O E M S.

BY LORD BYRON.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET ;

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1816.

NO. 100

BY LORD BYRON

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WATTS, STATIONER, 10, BROADWAY

AT THE SIGN OF THE BELL, 10, BROADWAY

1811

625+

ADVERTISEMENT.

As some of the Verses in this Collection were evidently not intended for general circulation, they would not have appeared in this authentic form, had they not been already dispersed through the medium of the public press, to an extent that must take away the regret which, under other circumstances, the reader might perhaps experience in finding them included amongst the acknowledged publications of the Noble Author.

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P O E M S.

TO _____

1.

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way ;

2.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deemed too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart ;

3.

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

4.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watched me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

5.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dashed the darkness all away.

6.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—

There's more in one soft word of thine,
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

7.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
Whose branch unbroke, but gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

8.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

9.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall ;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.

10.

Then let the ties of baffled love

Be broken—thine will never break ;

Thy heart can feel—but will not move,

Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

11.

And these, when all was lost beside—

Were found and still are fixed in thee—

And bearing still a breast so tried,

Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

1.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
· No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

2.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be :
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest ;
But not cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

1.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

2.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

3.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear ;
 A shudder comes o'er me--
 Why wert thou so dear ?
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well :—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

4.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee !—
 With silence and tears.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.*

“ O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros

“ Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater

“ Felix ! in imo qui scatentem

“ Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.”

Gray's Poemata.

1.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away,

When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay ;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
itself be past.

* These Verses were given by Lord Byron to Mr. Power, Strand, who has published them, with very beautiful music by Sir John Stevenson.

2.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck
of happiness,

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess :

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
in vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
stretch again.

3.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death
itself comes down ;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream
its own ;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of
our tears,

And tho' the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the
ice appears.

4.

Tho' wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
 distract the breast,
 Through midnight hours that yield no more their
 former hope of rest ;
 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret
 wreath,
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and
 grey beneath.

5.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have
 been,
 Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a
 vanished scene :
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brack-
 ish though they be,
 So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears
 would flow to me.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep.
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Alas ! they had been friends in Youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above :
And Life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain :

* * * * *

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Coleridge's Christabel.

FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well ! and if for ever—

Still for ever, fare *thee well*—

Even though unforgiving, never

'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—

Would that breast were bared before thee

Where thy head so oft hath lain,

While that placid sleep came o'er thee

Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,

Every inmost thought could show !

Then, thou would'st at last discover

'Twas not well to spurn it so—

Though the world for this commend thee—

Though it smile upon the blow,

Even its praises must offend thee,

Founded on another's woe—

Though my many faults defaced me,

Could no other arm be found

Than the one which once embraced me,

To inflict a cureless wound !

Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—

Love may sink by slow decay,

But by sudden wrench, believe not;

Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth—

Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,

And the undying thought which paineth

Is—that we no more may meet.—

These are words of deeper sorrow

Than the wail above the dead,

Both shall live—but every morrow

Wake us from a widowed bed.—

And when thou wouldst solace gather—

When our child's first accents flow—

Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"

Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee—

When her lip to thine is prest—

Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—

Think of him thy love had blessed.

Should her lineaments resemble

Those thou never more may'st see—

Then thy heart will softly tremble

With a pulse yet true to me.—

All my faults—perchance thou knowest—

All my madness—none can know;

All my hopes—where'er thou goest—

Wither—yet with *thee* they go.—

Every feeling hath been shaken,

Pride—which not a world could bow—

Bows to thee—by thee forsaken

Even my soul forsakes me now.—

But 'tis done—all words are idle—

Words from me are vainer still;

But the thoughts we cannot bridle

Force their way without the will.—

Fare thee well!—thus disunited—

Torn from every nearer tie—

Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—

More than this, I scarce can die.

O D E.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk.
Like the Water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYERE—
With that of him whose honoured grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave."
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—

Never yet was seen such lightning,
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning !
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold
 By the sainted Seer of old,
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,
 Turning rivers into blood.'

II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!
 When the soldier citizen
 Swayed not o'er his fellow men—
 Save in deeds that led them on
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
 Who, of all the despots banded,
 With that youthful chief competed ?
 Who could boast o'er France defeated,
 Till lone tyranny commanded ?
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
 The Hero sunk into the King ?
 Then he fell ;—So perish all,
 Who would men by man enthrall !

III.

And thou too of the snow-white plume !
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb,²
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name ;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little did'st thou deem, when dashing
 On thy war horse through the ranks,
 Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee :
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow ?
Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
It rolled in air, the warrior's guide ;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,

The soldier rais'd his seeking eye
 To catch that crest's ascendancy,—
 And as it onward rolling rose,
 So moved his heart upon our foes.
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
 Of the eagle's burning crest—
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
 Who could then her wing arrest—
 Victory beaming from her breast?)
 While the broken line enlarging
 Fell, or fled along the plain ;
 There be sure was MURAT charging !
 There he ne'er shall charge again !

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
 Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch—
 But let Freedom rejoice,
 With her heart in her voice ;

But, her hand on her sword,
 Doubly shall she be adored ;
 France hath twice too well been taught
 The “ moral lesson ” dearly bought—
 Her Safety sits not on a throne,
 With CAPET or NAPOLEON !
 But in equal rights and laws,
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—
 Freedom, such as God hath given
 Unto all beneath his heaven,
 With their breath, and from their birth,
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth ;
 With a fierce and lavish hand
 Scattering nations’ wealth like sand ;
 Pouring nations’ blood like water,
 In imperial seas of slaughter !

V.

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union ?

The time is passed when swords subdu'd—
Man may die—the soul's renew'd :
Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
Smile they at this idle threat ?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

“ All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master’s knees : wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted.”

1.

Must thou go, my glorious Chief,
Severed from thy faithful few ?
Who can tell thy warrior’s grief,
Maddening o’er that long adieu ?
Woman’s love, and friendship’s zeal,
Dear as both have been to me—
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier’s faith for thee ?

2.

Idol of the soldier's soul !

First in fight, but mightiest now :

Many could a world control ;

Thee alone no doom can bow.

By thy side for years I dared

Death ; and envied those who fell,

When their dying shout was heard,

Blessing him they served so well.³

3.

Would that I were cold with those,

Since this hour I live to see ;

When the doubts of coward foes

Scarce dare trust a man with thee,

Dreading each should set thee free.

Oh ! although in dungeons pent,

All their chains were light to me,

Gazing on thy soul unbent.

4.

Would the sycophants of him
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
 Were his borrowed glories dim,
 In his native darkness share?
 Were that world this hour his own,
 All thou calmly dost resign,
 Could he purchase with that throne
 Hearts like those which still are thine?

5.

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!
 Never did I droop before;
 Never to my sovereign sue,
 As his foes I now implore.
 All I ask is to divide
 Every peril he must brave;
 Sharing by the hero's side
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF
HONOUR."

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

3

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
 And swept down empires with its flood ;
 Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
 As thou did'st lighten through all space ;
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue
 Of three bright colours,⁴ each divine,
 And fit for that celestial sign ;
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes ;
 One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes ;
 One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
 Had robed in radiance of its light :

The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail !
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free !
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, oh Goddess ! may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

1.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my
 Glory

Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.

I have warred with a world which vanquished me
 only

When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far ;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me
 thus lonely,

The last single Captive to millions in war !

2.

Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem
 crowned me,

I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—

But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
 thee,

Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were
 won—

Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was
 blasted,

Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

3.

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty
 rallies

Once more in thy regions, remember me then—

The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;

Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—

Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,

And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—

There are links which must break in the chain that
 has bound us,

Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse, and thy song.
But when the dreaded hour shall come ;
By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And " MEMORY " o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will She then repay
Thy homage offered at her shrine,
And blend, while Ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine !

April 19th, 1812.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 26, line 6.

Turning rivers into blood.

See Rev. chap. viii. verse 7, &c. "The first angel sounded, and there followed fire and hail mingled with blood," &c.

Verse 8. "And the second Angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood," &c.

Verse 10. "And the third Angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp; and it fell upon a third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters."

Verse 11. "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*; and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

Note 2, page 27, line 2.

Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb.

Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Note 3, page 32, line 8.

Blessing him they serv'd so well.

"At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort.' There were many other instances of the like: this you may, however, depend on as true."

A private Letter from Brussels.

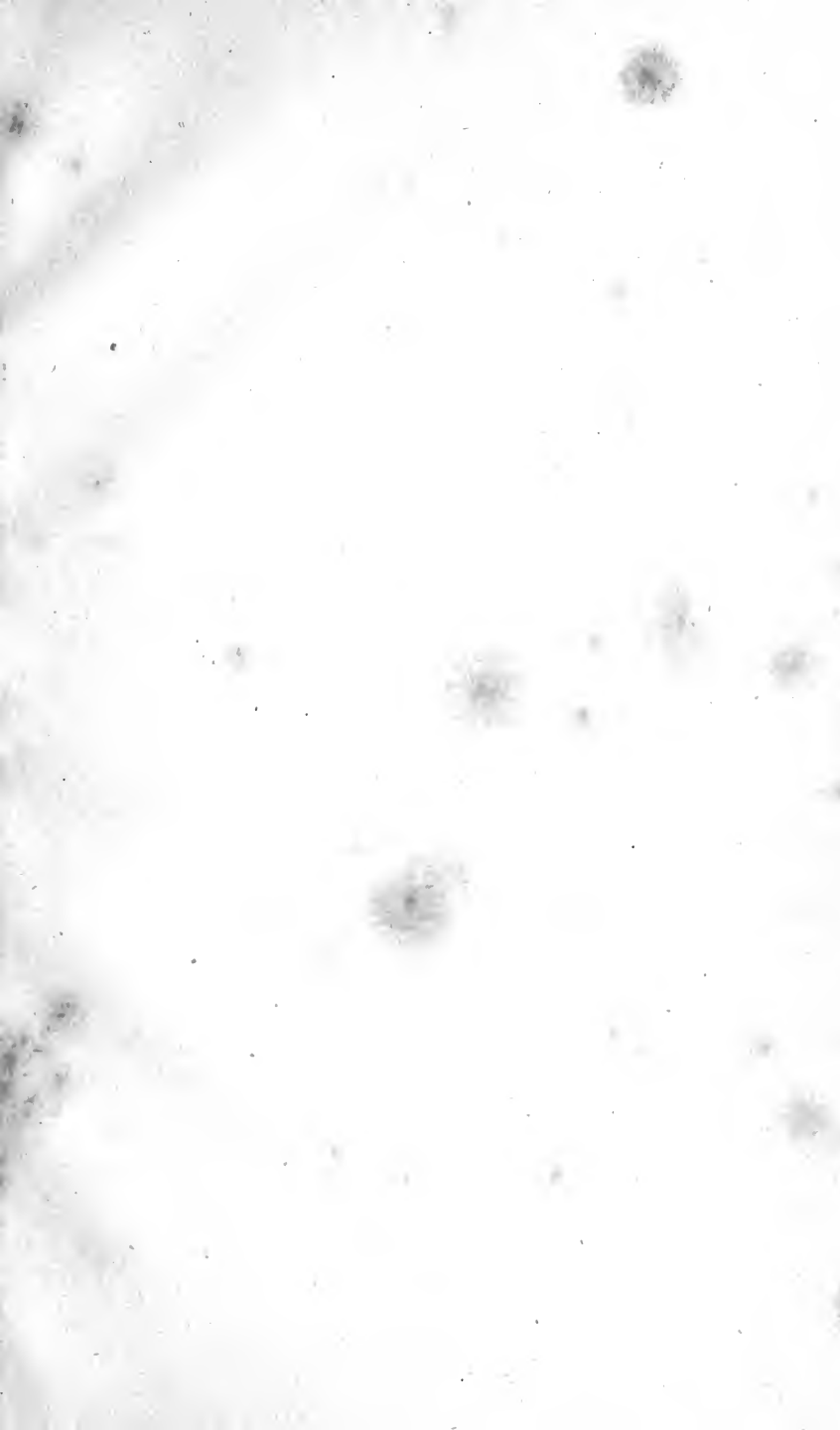
Note 4, page 35, line 9.

Of three bright colours, each divine

The tri colour.











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